

SHORTEN AND HERBERT.

Shorten Shy plays round my knee
While I read Herbert Spencer.
But still the more I read and read
My ignorance grows denser;



OLIVE

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Don't talk so, dear Jane." Olive put
her arm round the girl's shoulders, and
spoke with quick sympathy. "Men have
their dark moods, and come out of
them."

"Aaron never was quite as other men
are," said Jane, sorrowfully. "He was
always more desponding than others—
always believing himself an ill-starred
creature. No one ever had such a strong
influence over him as Michael had.
Michael could make him hopeful and
cheerful; he looked up to Michael as a
hero—you know it, Olive, and now—"

Jane was a quiet woman, and she
took her trouble in a quiet fashion.
Tears stole down her cheeks, but there
was no sob, no passionate cry of dis-
tress. Olive, weeping too, drew closer,
and comforted her as a sister.

"I don't want to say anything hard
about Michael," said Jane, drying her
eyes, and returning Olive's kiss. "But
I wish, oh, how I wish that he would be
as friendly with Aaron as he used to be!
Just a cheering word now and then, or
a few minutes' talk about old times,
would set Aaron up and lift him out of
himself. You know he has almost wor-
shipped Michael all his life, and he
thought that when his old friend came
to Battersby's works he would be lone-
ly and home-sick no more."

What could Olive say? She still kept
her arm round Jane, and puzzled her
brain to find comforting words.
"Dear Jane, Michael is always pre-
occupied," she said at last. "I wish it
were not so, but I cannot change him.
Perhaps, by and by, when he has won
all that he is striving for, he will have
thoughts to spare for old friends, and
will be his old self again."

"But if he ever does become his old
self again he will look round in vain for
old friends," Jane answered. "They
can't wait, you see, till he has time to
spare. But, Olive, I am afraid that
Michael dislikes having Aaron near him.
Only Aaron knows anything of
Michael's early days, and men who
want to rise very high sometimes hate
those who remind them of their low be-
ginning."

Olive flushed deeply.
"Aaron should not encourage such
fancies," she said, "and I have often
heard our old vicar say that people are
hard on the man who rises. They always
suspect him of looking down on old as-
sociates; they take his pride for granted,
and never give him the benefit of a
doubt."

"I only hope that Aaron is mistaken,"
Jane replied, meekly. "I have always
admired Michael very much, and I want
to believe in him for your sake."

"Then do believe in him, dear," en-
treated Olive, "and try to bring Aaron
into a brighter mood. Ah, if we had
him here we would soon dispel his
doubts and fears! What a gloomy crea-
ture a man is when he is away from a
woman's influence."

that he would let me live in his house if
I earned my own bread?" Olive said,
earnestly. "May I write to him?"
"You may write," Mrs. Challock an-
swered, after a pause. "But I did not
want to part with you till you were
married, tell him that. And oh, Olive,
don't say much about your stepfather!
He might be a worse man than he is,
you know; but it troubles me sorely
that he doesn't take to you. I've been
an unfortunate woman, Olive—very un-
fortunate."

"Yes, mother, you were very unfor-
tunate in losing my father," Olive said,
quietly.
Mrs. Challock began to cry in a noise-
less fashion. Now and then she paid
this tribute of silent tears to the de-
parted, and blamed Providence, in her
spiritless way, for having removed him.
She always spoke of herself as a wom-
an who had been badly used by the
powers above, and went so far as to say
that an angelic guard ought to have
been specially provided for a defense-
less widow. When her mother was in
this mood Olive was apt to betray a lit-
tle impatience. As Mrs. Challock dried
her tears she began to bewail her fate
in the usual strain, and the girl spoke
out at last:

"There is Mrs. Hooper, mother," she
said, "she was left a widow, and she
has never married again, and yet she
was no better defended than you
were."

"Oh, Olive," moaned Mrs. Challock,
shaking her head, "she was far better
defended than I was. Not by angel
guards, perhaps, but by a plain face;
and a woman can have no safer protec-
tion than that."

Olive looked, half pitying, at the
sweet, faded face by her side, and felt
that there was some truth in these
words. She knew that she herself had
more beauty than her mother had ever
possessed; Mrs. Challock had often told
her so, but she thought, with a girl's
happy confidence, that her defense was
sure and strong. Michael's love for her
and her love for him—this would be her
shield and buckler. She put her arm
round her mother's shoulders, and
spoke in a caressing tone:

"Then you will let me write to Uncle
Wake?" she said. "Don't fret, little
mother; Lucy says it will be best for
me to know something of London be-
fore I go to live there as Michael's wife.
It would be trying for him to have to
teach me everything."

"Your father never thought it a trial
to teach me," sighed Mrs. Challock, her
head still running on the past; "but
then he had wonderful patience. I only
wish he had learned more. Yes, Olive,
you may write, and see what comes of
it."

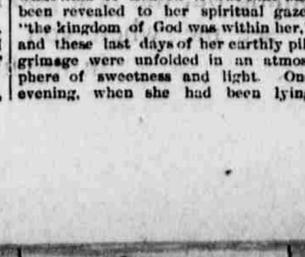
But some time passed by before that
letter was written.
Poor Jane's love troubles pressed so
heavily on her mind that she felt ill,
and Olive had to help in nursing; and
then Mrs. Challock herself grew sick
and claimed her child's care. These
illnesses were not alarming, but they
changed Olive's plans for awhile, and
the summer seemed to slip away un-
noticed. And just after the harvest had
been gathered in, and the sun shone
calmly over fields that were shorn of
all their wealth of gold, Lucy Cromer's
life story came to an end.

"Stay with me as much as you can,
Olive," she said, when she had given up
her place on the little couch downstairs.
"I have had friends and lovers, but
never one sister till you came to me."

So Olive spent hour after hour in the
small bedroom under the chateaux and
sunbeams and wandering brooms made
their way through the open lattice.
There was a thick wreath of ivy and
roses round the window; the swallows
had not yet taken their departure, and
bird-notes and whistles of many leaves
came to her like familiar voices. And
Lucy, too, lay listening to the music of
the dying summer with a great peace
in her heart.

They talked to each other in these last
hours more freely than they had ever
spoken before. All the shadows of the
past had been swept away from Lucy's
soul. She looked back on the path that
she had trodden with such weary feet,
and saw it illumined with a divine
light. It was just the same path that
she had known always; there was the
place where she had stumbled over the
sharp stones, and risen bruised and
bleeding; there was the spot where one
had turned his face from hers, and left
her to toil onward all alone. Nothing
was changed, not a single way-mark
was gone. But the eyes that looked
back on the past had gained a new and
dearer sight; they could see where
good had triumphed and evil had been
stricken down; and they could discern
the footprints of angels where the way
had been darkest and saddest. From
beginning to end it was a way that had
been watched over and guarded by love.

CHAPTER IV.
"REMEMBER ME WHEN I AM GONE AWAY."
Lucy had little to regret in the world
that she was leaving, for Heaven had
opened to her. She did not tell Olive
what kind of Heaven it was that had
been revealed to her spiritual gaze;
"the kingdom of God was within her,"
and these last days of her earthly pil-
grimage were unfolded in an atmos-
phere of sweetness and light. One
evening, when she had been lying



YES, OLIVE, YOU MAY WRITE.

silently, with eyes closed, Olive had
gone to a seat by the open window, and
was looking out upon the sun-touched
hills. She thought that Lucy was
asleep, and started at the sound of her
friend's faint voice.

"There is something that I want to
say, dear," said Lucy, tenderly. "Do
you know that one of the sweetest feel-
ings in life is the sense of being able to
forgive? No, you do not know it; as
yet you have suffered no great wrong.
But if ever there comes a time when
you are greatly injured—if ever you are
wounded deeply by a hand you have
loved—then you may remember these



OLIVE STOOD BY LUCY'S GRAVE.

words of mine: Forgive, if you would
find peace. Forgive, if you would have
your wounds healed and feel the soft
touch of Christ's fingers on your sore
heart."

Olive was silent; but she drew near
and took Lucy's hand. The leaf
whispers filled up the pause, the room
was full of the rich scent of jessamine,
a flower that Lucy loved; and long af-
terwards its perfume brought back to
Olive a memory of her friend's last
words and looks. Some sprays were
scattered over the coverlet; some of the
white, star-like blossoms had drifted
down on the floor. Lucy had never
told why this flower was so dear to
her, but Olive's quick womanly instinct
divined that it was one of the links that
bound her to the past. Such links are
often flower-links, fragile and sweet,
yet strong as a chain of steel, and last-
ing unbroken through all the chances
and changes of time.

"You must never think sorrowfully
of me, Olive," Lucy went on. "I have
read somewhere of one who gleaned in
haste and snatched all the richest
grain. Here, in this quiet village, I
have gathered all the blessings that I
missed when I lived in the world. In
these last days I have reaped all, and I,
too, shall be gathered into the garner.
Do you not see that mine is a happy
fate? I have done nothing to deserve
these royal compassions, these outpour-
ings of a Father's loving kindness, and
yet they are mine."

Thus Lucy talked, and Olive listened;
and in the growing amber light the
woods and meadows stretched softly
away, showing dimly through a glo-
rious mist that slowly faded into dusk.
They heard the last good-night of the
birds and felt the first cool sigh of
night before the lattice was closed. It
was then that Lucy said a silent fare-
well to earthly things. The quiet night
passed away in peace; the sun rose, and
the village awoke to its daily labor, but
the jessamine blossoms lay upon a
pulseless heart, and on the still face
there was an ideal beauty, a faint smile
of unutterable peace.

Long afterwards Olive was glad that
she had watched by the side of her dead
friend; glad that she had woven a chap-
let of feathery ferns and jessamine for
Lucy's last resting-place. There are
times when to each one of us comes the
thought of those who have taught us
by their words and deeds; and we find
their traces in other lives, and light
upon their footprints in strange paths
which we never expected to tread.
They laid Lucy in the breezy old
chapel under the high hill, among
the graves which Olive had known from
childhood; but it was not here, in this
quiet nook, that the clear echoes of
Lucy's voice would come to her from
the past.

After her niece's death Mrs. Hooper
planned for companionship, and dreaded
the long winter spent in the little cot-
tage alone. She begged Olive to stay
with her till the spring came again;
and, in truth, the girl was too tired and
worn to begin a new life at once. But
she wrote to Mr. Wake, and wrote also
to the vicar in Regent street who had
employed Lucy, inclosing a letter of
recommendation which had been writ-
ten by Lucy herself. The answers to
these letters were more satisfactory
than she had expected them to be.
Samuel Wake was a man who never did
things by halves; he was ready not only
to receive Olive, but to give her a hearty
welcome. And the vicar wrote to say
that he was willing to let her come and
try her skill, adding that he had never
had an employe so clever as Miss Cromer.
So the way was made clear for Olive's
feet; but before she ventured out into
the new path it was well for her to
pause and rest.

It was a stormy autumn; the last red
tatters of the Virginia creeper were torn
from the cottage walls, and no gold and
russet leaves were left for Olive to
weave into garlands; but there was al-
ways plenty of ivy for her quick fingers
to practice upon. And then, too, there
was other work to be done; in the long
evenings Mrs. Hooper and Olive sat and
sewed together, and grew fond of each
other in their loneliness. The wind
moaned and whistled round their little
dwelling; by and by the snow fell, and
they felt themselves cut off altogether
from the great world. But these dreary
days passed away, and Olive woke one
morning to find that the wintry earth
was full of promise of spring.

Michael was looking forward eagerly
to her coming. His letters spoke of the
glorious future that was opening out
before them both. As usual, he had a
great deal to say about himself, and not
one word of Aaron, although poor Jane
was hankering for news

"Aaron has not written to me for a
long time," said Jane, with tears in her
eyes. "Oh, Olive, I shall be glad now
when you are gone to London. You will
see him, and ask him why he neglects
old friends."

"You shall know everything, Jane,"
Olive answered. "Only keep a brave
heart, dear. I don't think Aaron will
be reserved with me. The sight of an
Eastmoon face will thaw the ice that
has gathered round his heart."

"God grant it may be so!" Jane
sighed. "But I have thought lately
that my old dream would never come
true. I have thought that perhaps I
was not meant for Aaron, nor Aaron
for me. Maybe I should not make
him happy if we were married; I am
easily depressed, and I should feel just
as he felt; all his moods would be
mine."

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Olive was silent for a moment.
Through all her anxiety to insure Jane's
happiness, there had sometimes flashed
such thoughts as these. A stronger,
more self-confident woman might have
loved Aaron out of his gloom by the force
of her will. But Jane, gentle and tim-
orous, could only sit beside him in the
shadow of his own fears. And yet how
well she loved him! How impossible it
seemed for her to go on living without
him!

"We must have patience, Jane," she
said at last, in her sweet voice. "I
suppose," she added, with a sudden
smile, "that you never give a thought
to your first lover? You have quite
forgotten Robert Steele?"

"Robert Steele?" Jane's tone was al-
most scornful. "He was only a boy,
Olive."

"He was a boy when he went away,
four years ago. But if you could see
him now, Jane, you might have more
respect for him. There was the making
of a fine man in Robert."

"He was a bright lad enough," Jane
said, indifferently. "But who would
think twice of a lad's fancy? It comes
and goes like a butterfly. Aaron is the
only man I have ever taken into my
heart, Olive, and I thought—aye, I be-
lieve—that he loved me."

"Believe it still," Olive replied. "At
any rate, believe it till I have seen him
and talked with him."

All Olive's simple arrangements were
completed before April came to an end,
and it was decided that she was to go
up to town on the first of May. Mich-
ael had fixed on a train that would
get to London at six in the evening; at
that hour he could meet her conveni-
ently and take her to Uncle Wake's house.
The first of May came on a Saturday,
which was the best day for Michael,
and so it was all settled, and everybody
seemed to be satisfied.

On Friday evening, after the last
stitch was set and the last thing packed,
Olive kissed Mrs. Hooper and whispered
that she would go alone to the church-
yard and say good-by to Lucy's grave.

WOULD LIKE TO BE A COP.
There Are Perquisites in the Job That
Please.
I overlooked a short dialogue between
a twelve-year-old boy and his father
recently that had some significance,
and which can be verified by an ob-
servant citizen who chooses to take
notice.

"Say, pop, wouldn't you like to be a
cop?"
"Who, Harry?" asked the father in
surprise.
"Well, cops can steal and not get ar-
rested, and other people can't," replied
Harry.

"Whoever told you that?" inquired
the father.
"Oh, I know it myself; I see them.
They go to the Etylans and they
snatch a handful of roast chestnuts and
put them in their pocket behind; then
they take apples and bananas and or-
anges, and they never pay anything.
The man looks mad, you know, but he
can't nab a policeman. Oh, I wish I
was a cop! Wouldn't I have all the
nice things?"

"Did you ever see a policeman do
that?" asked papa.
"Lots of times. And they do the
same thing to the grocers, too. They
swipe apples out of the baskets, and
nuts and all kinds of things, and no
to body says nothing them. Oh, it's
nice to be a cop."—Brooklyn Standard-
Union.

TORNADO TERRORS.

Kansas and Missouri Have Another
Fatal Visitation.
Destruction and Death in Shawnee and
Other Kansas Counties—Fatalities in
Northern Missouri and Other
Localities.

DESTRUCTION NEAR TOPEKA, KAN.
TOPEKA, May 4.—A tornado swept up
Mission creek valley in the southeast
corner of Shawnee county, killed James
Mitchell, a farmer, and possibly others,
fatally injured Joseph Hill and badly
hurt two members of Hill's family.

About 3:30 o'clock yesterday after-
noon ominous clouds from the south-
west and northeast met and a fierce
storm followed, which swept everything
before it. The farm house of Joseph
Hill was blown to pieces and Hill was
struck in the back by a flying piece of
timber and fatally injured. His daughter
had her arm broken by a heavy piece
of furniture. His son, 14 years of age,
had his collar bone and left leg broken.
James Mitchell, who lives one mile
south of Hill's place, was killed, but it
is impossible to learn how it occurred.

About 3:30 o'clock a tornado struck
the farming community near Auburn, a
village twenty miles southwest of To-
peka. On the farm of J. N. Robinson,
a large barn was destroyed, the house
was wrecked and a house in course of
erection was demolished. James M.
Moreland's barn was destroyed and his
house badly damaged. J. Drake's stone
house was unroofed and all the contents
carried off. Drake's daughter, a girl
of 15, was carried away and lodged in
a tree. Drake and his wife were
both injured. H. H. Buckley's house
was scattered all over his farm. Pleasant
Valley schoolhouse was unroofed
and much other damage was done to
small buildings and fences.

Near Teva, on the Missouri Pacific,
about twelve miles southeast of Topeka,
about 5 o'clock, a strip half a mile wide
and seven miles long was swept clean
and not a house was left standing. John
Paxton, a farmer, was killed. The
house fell in and he was struck on the
head by a piece of heavy timber. Mrs.
Hurd, wife of a farmer, was caught in a
falling house and her back was injured.

E. B. Waters' barn was destroyed.
Dr. N. J. Taylor's house was blown
away. John Rees' house was destroyed.
Henry Laughlin's barn was destroyed.

GENTRY COUNTY, MO.
ST. JOSEPH, Mo., May 4.—News reach-
ed here this morning from the track of
the cyclone that passed within two
miles of McFall, Gentry county, Mo.,
between 5 and 6 o'clock yesterday even-
ing. Telegraph wires were torn down,
barns damaged, stock destroyed and
several fatalities occurred. Among
those killed was the wife of Alph
Daniels. Three children of James
Daniels were seriously hurt. An old
gentleman by the name of Sharp re-
ceived wounds which will probably
prove fatal. A child by the name of
Baird was instantly killed. Those who
escaped did so by resorting to cyclone
holes. Many of the people waded in
water waist deep. The desolation in
its track can hardly be described.

DEKALB COUNTY, MO.
PATTONSBURG, Mo., May 4.—About
3:30 p. m. Monday a cyclone passed
through DeKalb county in a north-wes-
terly direction, sweeping everything be-
fore it. It wrecked the home of Mr.
Sharp, seriously injuring him and kill-
ing his wife. It also killed a Miss Boyd.
Crossing Grand river at Williamsford
it damaged much property, but injured
no one. A little farther northwest it
cut a swath 100 yards wide through a
thickly settled farming district wreck-
ing buildings, etc., for a distance of ten
or twelve miles. It mangled many
horses and at the homes of Alfred and
James Daniel the former's wife was fat-
ally hurt, dying in a short time, while
he and his baby were badly injured. At
James Daniel's three young people were
badly but not dangerously hurt.

MOLINE, KAN.
EMPORIA, Kan., May 4.—Particulars
of a storm which struck the town of
Moline Monday evening received here
yesterday go to show that it was a
genuine cyclone which created a panic
in the neighborhood. Many houses and
out buildings were destroyed and quite
a lot of live stock was killed. The
house of A. D. Lakin was blown down
and Lakin was killed and his body car-
ried nearly a mile by the wind after he
was dead. Mrs. Lakin was seriously
injured.

The house and barn of C. W. Duben-
dorff, ex-register of deeds, were com-
pletely destroyed. The family seeing
the storm coming took refuge in the
cellar and escaped injury except Mr.
Dubendorff and wife, both of whom
were slightly injured.

NEAR KINGFISHER, OK.
KINGFISHER, Ok., May 4.—No further
fatalities are reported from Monday
evening's cyclone. Searching and relief
parties were out all night and yester-
day. There were five distinct incipient
cyclones, all merging near Kingfisher.
Nearly 500 head of live stock were
killed.

F. A. Bidwell, who was reported dead,
will recover. Charley Bidwell, his six-
teen-year-old son, was crushed almost
beyond recognition and both were car-
ried out on the prairie.

YUKONA, OK.
EL RENO, Ok., May 4.—Monday's storm
did no serious damage in this immediate
locality. There are reports of a terrific
hail storm passing from south to north
in the vicinity of Yukona, a distance of
fifteen miles east of here.

A Lake Steamer Sunk.
DETROIT, Mich., May 4.—The Lack-
awanna line steamer *Bush*, bound up
from Buffalo for Chicago, was sunk
about a mile east of Rouses Point, Lake
Erie. She was in collision with some
unknown steamer bound down. It is
not known whether the crew escaped or
not. The *Bush's* cargo is supposed to
be mostly coal. The tug *Ballize* with
steam pumps and divers, left here this
morning for the wreck. The *Russis* is
one of the best of the second class of
iron steamers. She was built in 1873 at
Buffalo; registers 1,335 net tons and is
valued at \$25,000.

VIOLATING THE RULES.

Secretary Foster Testifies Before the
Committee on Civil-Service Reform—
Commissioner Roosevelt Severe on the
Conduct of the Baltimore Post Office Of-
ficials.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—The house com-
mittee on civil service reform yester-
day resumed the investigation into the
conduct of certain employes in the civil
service at Baltimore.

Secretary Foster was the first wit-
ness. He had heard of the charge made
by Commissioner Roosevelt against two
men connected with the customs service
in Baltimore of collecting money for
political purposes. They had been
reprimanded by the commissioner and
he was inclined to think this punish-
ment sufficient, but finally said he
should very much doubt if it was con-
sistent with the good of the service to
keep such men in office, but he should
want to know all the facts before tak-
ing action.

Commissioner Roosevelt was then ex-
amined. He said he had made an ex-
amination of the workings of the Balti-
more post office and custom house and
recommended the removal of twenty-
one employes for violation of the civil
service law, but no action had been
taken. He said it was absolutely impos-
sible for him to draw conclusions, for they
were based on the confessions of the ac-
cused persons. He said that at the time
the events took place he was master general
of the post office and that it is not his
duty to make any recommendation of a
department. Mr. Roosevelt read two
letters from Mr. Wanamaker asking the
commission to make just such recom-
mendations and report to him. Mr. Roose-
velt quoted from the testimony of Mr. Wan-
amaker when in speaking of the accused
men he said: "When they declare to
the postoffice inspector that they have
not made such statements and they do
that under threats, you are not bound
to take their statements."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Roosevelt,
"that if in a private business an investi-
gation into one of its branches should
disclose that twenty-one men were
cheating, the men being caught red-
handed, and confessing their guilt, it
would be very unwise to accept the
oaths of these same men, six months
later, that they were incorrect and that
they had lied when they made their
confessions."

"The amount of it is that all these
men are plainly guilty, upon their own
confession; that they have made this
confession in terms which it is impos-
sible to misunderstand and as equally
impossible to retract; that nothing they
have said since or can say in the future
can in any way explain away this con-
fession and that their subsequent con-
duct as implied in the report of the
post office inspectors simply shows that
they are not entitled to a particle of
grace or consideration. I fall to see
how there can be a particle of doubt of
these men's guilt after reading the evi-
dence, and if these men are not guilty
then it is absolutely impossible that
men ever can be guilty under the civil
service law; and if they have not de-
served punishment then it is impossible
that a man can do anything in violation
of that law which will deserve punish-
ment. This is not the time to consider
whether the law is wise or not. It is
on the statute book and I am appointed
to see that it is enforced and I have
simply done my duty in pointing out its
violation and in recommending the pun-
ishment of the wrong-doers."

A CHICAGO RIPPER.
He Quarrels With His Aunt and Brutally
Cuts Her to Pieces—Confession of the
Murderer.
CHICAGO, May 4.—A murder, the
shocking details of which savor more of
uncivilized butchery than has occurred
for years, was committed about 6 o'clock
last evening in the home of Michael
Walsh at 334 Washburne avenue. His
wife, Bridget Elizabeth Walsh, met
death in a manner that rivals for cru-
elty and horror the fates of numerous vic-
tims of the Whitechapel fiend.

Within four hours after the murder
Mrs. Walsh's self-convicted murderer
was arrested. He was Thomas Walsh,
of 143 Washburne avenue, the dead
woman's nephew.

When he was taken to the station
house he acknowledged that he was
guilty. He said that they had been
drinking beer and that he had made im-
proper proposals to Mrs. Walsh, where-
upon she slapped his face. He drew a
knife and stabbed her and the sight of
blood suddenly drove him insane.

At an early hour in the morning
Walsh, who is a teamster, went to his
work, but returned in several hours,
when he found the body of his wife cut
to pieces by over sixty stabs. The
nephew, it seems, after commencing his
bloody deed, became so savage that he
did not desist until he had cut her body
to pieces. The police were notified and
the fiend was soon run down. He made
a full confession.

The Alien to Issue More Stock.
CHICAGO, May 4.—At a meeting of
the board of directors of the Chicago &
Alton Railroad Co., it was decided to
submit to a vote of the stockholders,
with the recommendation that it be
adopted, a proposition to issue \$2,500
shares of additional stock for the pur-
pose of redeeming \$2,500,000 of first
mortgage bonds maturing January 1,
1895. Stockholders to have the privilege
of taking the new stock at \$114 per
share. All shares of the new issue of
common stock not paid for on or before
December 15, 1894, will be retained by
the company or disposed of as the board
of directors may decide to be best for
it. The board also declared the usual
quarterly dividend of 2 per cent., June
1 to stockholders of record May 1.

Snow in the Northwest.
HAYWARD, Wis., May 4.—The ground
is covered with snow and it is now
snowing very hard. It snowed all of
yesterday.

PINE CRY, Minn., May 4.—A heavy
damp snow began falling at 5 o'clock
yesterday morning and covers the
ground. It will help farming.

ARLAND, Wis., May 4.—A blinding
snow storm is in progress to-day. Four
inches had fallen at noon. Navigation
is badly retarded and all rafting stopped.
CARBON, Minn., May 4.—The ground
is covered with snow to the depth of
two and a half inches.